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ACADEMY OF MUSIC
EDITION
OF THE
BOOKS OF THE BALLET.

FAUST,

A GRAND FANTASTIC BALLET,

IN THREE ACTS AND TEN TABLEAUX.

COMPOSED BY

DOMENICO RONZANI,

MAITRE DE BALLET OF

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED AT THE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA,

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY

MISS CAROLINE M. RICHINGS.

PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY F. RULLMAN,

1857.

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GRAND FANTASTIC BALLET,

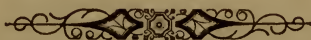
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C

P R E F A C E .



THE subject on which I have composed the following Ballet, and which I have now the honor to present to the enlightened public of America, is the same on which KLINGER SCHINK writes so extensively, and that furnished to the genius of the celebrated GOETHE the plot of a tragedy, justly acknowledged to be the brightest emanation of his brilliant fancy.

I trust I may be pardoned if, in order to accelerate the action towards the *denouément*, I have diverged a little from the beaten track of the story without forgetting the chief aim of the author—which is, to exhibit vice in all its deformity, to direct the mind to the love of virtue, and to present innocence and honor in their brightest phases.

With this brief explanation I confide my work to the indulgence of the American public, hoping that they will receive it with that kindness and favor which are the characteristics of this great and generous nation.

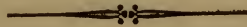
DOMENICO RONZANI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



DOCTOR FAUST, an Alchemist,	SIGNOR GASPARE PRATESI.
WOLGER, his Pupil and Friend,	SIGNORA EMMA SANTOLINI.
BERTA, Mother of MARGHERITA,	SIGNORA GAETANA PRATESI.
MARGHERITA, betrothed to } VALENTINO,	SIGNORA LUIGIA LAMOUREUX.
VALENTINO, a young Soldier,	SIGNOR GIOVANNI PRATESI.
MARTA, Friend and Confidante } of MARGHERITA,	SIGNORA SERAFINA CECHETTA.
PETERS, Betrothed to MARTA,	SIGNOR CESARE CECHETTA.
MEFISTOFELE, the Genius of Evil,	SIGNOR DOMENICO RONZANI.
SPIRITO DANZANTE,	SIGNOR FILIPPO BARATTI.

*Students, Male and Female Peasants, Nobles, Ladies, Pages, Guards,
Spirits of Air, Angels, Witches, Demons, Wizards, Fantastic Forms,
Sbirri, Citizens, Judges, Executioner, &c. &c.*



THE SCENE OF THE BALLET IS LAID IN GERMANY.

F A U S T :

ACT FIRST.

TABLEAU FIRST.

SCENE—*The Laboratory of DR. FAUST.*

ON the rising of the curtain, FAUST is discovered surrounded by his pupils. He is just terminating a lecture on chemistry; and he dismisses them with an exhortation to be moderate in their passions—moderation being the great principle of virtue.

The pupils retire, leaving FAUST alone, who gazes after their retreating forms, as though in derision at their blind credulity. For he whom all believe to be master of every science now finds himself wanting in the first rudiments of knowledge; and now, after having wasted his life in vain studies, naught remains to him but a horrible and aching void in his soul—an insatiate longing that is ever consuming him.

For a few moments, he stands lost in despairing thought; then, placing his hand upon his fevered brow, he thus communes with himself:

“I feel here the presence of a supernatural power—a power which forces me to accomplish a destiny hitherto unknown to mortals.”

At this moment, an old black-letter volume falls from a shelf in his library. FAUST’S attention is attracted; he stoops, and raising up the volume, closely examines it. He finds that it contains directions for employing the secret power of raising evil spirits from the abodes of darkness. He is impatient to ascertain the result, and, without hesitation, he at once tries the experiment.

The invocation is made: in response to it, flames of fire arise, in the midst of which MEFISTOFELE, the genius of evil, appears.

FAUST appears paralyzed with fear at the terrible aspect of the Demon, whose presence he has summoned: trembling and shrinking in horror from contact with him, he

endeavors to escape, when these unearthly words arrest his footsteps.

“Wherefore hast thou called me?”

“Thou art not the one I seek!”

To which FAUST replies, “Away, away! return to thy abode, leave me!” MEFISTOFELE refuses; when FAUST, availing himself of the power accorded by the magic volume, commands him to obey, on which the Demon, with a burst of derisive laughter, vanishes; but returns almost immediately, and arrests the attention of FAUST, by proclaiming to him, that if he desires to possess every bliss the world can afford, he has but to sign a contract with his blood, which will secure the fulfillment of all his desires, and bind MEFISTOFELE to him as his slave for life; but, after death, the alchemist will, in turn, be subject to thralldom, and have the Demon for his master.

FAUST evinces great indignation, and refuses to complete such an unholy compact; but MEFISTOFELE fixes his baneful glance upon him, which, like that of a basilisk, possesses the power of fascination. Unable to resist the Demon’s influence, he falls into a state of stupor. Dense vapors rise and fill the apartment; shrouded by the mist, MEFISTOFELE disappears, and the vapors, slowly dispersing, discover the next Tableau.

TABLEAU SECOND.

The Chamber of MARGHERITA.

THE beautiful MARGHERITA is discovered, gaily entwining a garland of fresh flowers, with which to crown her mother’s favorite portrait. MEFISTOFELE enters, and attentively regards her. Her task completed, the pure and innocent girl kneels, and commences her morning devotions. The prayers of virtuous innocence cause the Demon to retreat in horror; he shrinks from her presence in despair, and disappears in a cloud of vapor—as the scene changes.

TABLEAU THIRD.

A Cemetery.

MEFISTOFELE appears, and invokes the presence of a spirit to aid in the destruction of FAUST. From one of the principal tombs a shade appears, taking the form of MARGHERITA, and expresses her willingness to obey the behests of the Genius of Evil. On which the scene changes to the Fourth Tableau.

TABLEAU FOURTH.

The Enchanted Garden.

THE scene is instantly filled by groups of beauteous spirits, with whom the shade of MARGHERITA mingles, eclipsing them all in loveliness. FAUST appears. Bewildered by the vision, he is entranced by the beautiful being before him, and his firmness forsakes him; his resolution wavers, when MEFISTOFELE, who has been watching him, sees that the moment of his triumph approaches: he at once determines to avail himself of the impression created by the appearance of the enchantress, whom he had summoned to assume the form of MARGHERITA. Advancing to FAUST, he again offers for his signature the fatal compact, implying that it is the sole means by which he can obtain MARGHERITA. FAUST again refuses. A charmed goblet is handed to him; he drinks from it, and is instantly restored to youth; with the change comes an irresistible desire to possess MARGHERITA; and in the mad hope held out to him by the Demon, he signs the fatal compact which destroys him for ever.

The moment his signature is attached, the spirits who have surrounded FAUST vanish. Enraged at their flight, he turns upon MEFISTOFELE and upbraids him for the deceit he has practiced.

"Patience, Doctor," replies the Demon, "we must seek them elsewhere." Thus speaking, MEFISTOFELE spreads his mantle on the ground, and inviting FAUST to step upon it, they both ascend into the air upon its folds, as the curtain falls.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

TABLEAU FIRST.

The Public Square of a German Village. On one side is seen the Dwelling of MARGHERITA; on the opposite, the Village Inn.

A LARGE party of peasants are assembled. Some are regaling themselves with the wine-cup, others are promenading about; with the latter are mingled the young girls of the village, from whom, according to custom, the most virtuous and beautiful maiden is to be selected.

The dignitaries of the place, headed by the Burgomaster, now arrive in procession to crown the village queen. In the midst of their preparations, and when about to complete the ceremony, a young soldier appears upon the scene. It is VALENTINO, the betrothed of MARGHERITA, who has returned from the wars. He is regarded with much curiosity. After many questions on his part concerning past events, he is recognized as one who had left the village in boyhood to follow the Imperial banner. He anxiously inquires for MARGHERITA, the betrothed of his childhood, and exhibits much disappointment at not seeing her among the village maidens.

MARGHERITA is sent for. As she appears, every eye is turned upon her, and the looks and gestures of the villagers seem to indicate, that she, of all the fair girls present, is most worthy to receive the crown of beauty and virtue. A tender interview ensues between the lovers; all is mirth and hilarity, while MARGHERITA's innocent joy is participated in by her mother, who hastens to welcome the young soldier to his village home.

At this moment, the sound of distant music bursts upon the ear, and MEFISTOFELE, in the disguise of a charlatan, enters, followed by FAUST and a horde of gipsies.

The attention of FAUST is at once riveted by the sight of MARGHERITA; and he bids MEFISTOFELE, who is busily employed arranging his nostrums for sale, to look upon her—implying that she is the object of his unhallowed passion, and that, at every hazard, he must possess her.

FAUST then approaches MARGHERITA, and respectfully saluting her, pays a complimentary tribute to her grace and beauty. MARGHERITA replies, that he is far too courteous—she is but a simple village maiden, and cannot merit such flattering eulogiums. Meanwhile, MEFISTOFELE has singled out MARTA, who has been coquettishly endeavoring to attract the attention of the two strangers. At a glance, the Demon intuitively perceives that the young coquette will serve his purpose admirably. Vain, frivolous, and ambitious, she is exactly the person to aid his plans in warping the mind of MARGHERITA, and rendering her subservient to his will.

MEFISTOFELE commands his gipsy train to weave a characteristic dance for the gratification of the assembled revellers. They obey, and a divertisement by the Zingari takes place. On its conclusion, MEFISTOFELE advances to MARGHERITA, and courteously demands her hand for a dance. The glances of the strange being affright her, and his touch causes her to shudder; fascinated and spell-bound, she is unable to resist the lightning of his eye, whilst so irresistible is his will, that he attracts to his feet, not only MARGHERITA, but others among the village maidens. Whereupon the Demon commences the

GRAND SCENE DE FASCINATION.

THE wild, unearthly, and imperious gestures of MEFISTOFELE, by their very strangeness, captivate all who gaze upon him—but MARGHERITA alone is the one on whose conquest he is bent, and to her all his efforts are directed. The effect is immediately apparent: first she changes from fear to confidence, next from the stupor of bewilderment to transports of delight; sometimes she remains immovable as a statue, and then again exhibits a joyous ecstasy apparently beyond control, whilst her companions, in obedience to the demoniac influence and will, move round her like satellites. The slightest caprice of the Genius of Evil guides them. FAUST watches his wondrous display of power with astonishment, and stands like one in a bewildered dream. At length MARGHERITA, breathless and exhausted, stops beside him. In a moment, MEFISTOFELE approaches, and places his clawed hand upon the heart of FAUST, and seems to take from it a spark of the unhallowed flame that burns within, which he communicates to the heart of MARGHERITA; who, as if she had received an electric shock, starts, and nearly sinks under the new, wild, and overwhelming emotions with which her heart is assailed.

The Burgomaster now recalls the attention of the villagers to the purpose for which they had assembled. Every heart and hand give a joyous assent, and, to the delight of VALENTINO and the good old BERTA, her daughter MARGHERITA is unanimously selected to receive the reward of virtue. FAUST, prompted by MEFISTOFELE, requests as a favor that the customary fête may take place at his palace. The Burgomaster

and villagers at once assent, and MARGHERITA, followed by her mother, retires to prepare for the festival. VALENTINO also follows them; whilst the rest depart for their various dwellings.

TABLEAU SECOND.

The Bower Chamber of MARGHERITA, at the back of which there is an Alcove.

Mystic Appearance of MEFISTOFELE and FAUST.

"HERE you are, Doctor, in the very nest of the turtle-dove," exclaims the Demon, with his customary sardonic smile.

"Silence!" replies FAUST; "let me gaze upon my beauteous idol—let my eyes drink in this vision of angelic purity and loveliness."

"As you will, good sir," returns MEFISTOFELE. "Meanwhile I will place this casket of rare jewels on yonder table." He does so, and retires a little. MARGHERITA is wrapped in the slumber of innocence. FAUST trembles with emotion—the contemplation of her beauty absorbs every faculty. She stirs, and a sudden movement announces the young girl's awakening. This arouses FAUST from his stupor; he is about to rush forward, throw himself at her feet, and declare his passion—when MEFISTOFELE, foreseeing his intent, hurries him away.

MARGHERITA springs from her couch in wild affright, as though she would escape from some terrible dream; at last, subduing her emotion, she seats herself at her spinning-wheel, with the hope that labor will divest her mind of the new and strange thoughts with which it is oppressed, and which seem to weigh her down.

MEFISTOFELE now appears; he has rendered himself invisible to MARGHERITA and all mortal eyes. He summons his well-loved sister-spirits of evil: "*Pride*," "*Idleness*," "*Gluttony*," "*Envy*," "*Anger*," "*Avarice*," and "*Illicit Love*." In obedience to his command they appear, rising from the bowels of the earth; but their own naturally hideous forms are disguised—they have assumed shapes better suited to the designs of their demoniac master. Their task is to imbue the innocent soul of MARGHERITA with poisonous venom. "*Idleness*" is the first to appear. As soon as she is visible, MEFISTOFELE commands her to display her influence. She commences: poor MARGHERITA at once abandons her wheel in disgust; *labor* has become irksome to her. "*Pride*" and "*Envy*" quickly follow; next, "*Anger*," "*Avarice*," and "*Gluttony*"—their various influences are apparent, and to them MEFISTOFELE adds others conducing to the display of a perverse inclination.

MARGHERITA is nearly lost, when "*Illicit Love*," the greatest and most powerful of all the vices, approaches her. The young girl abandons herself to a new and strange emotion, with all the intense earnestness of an ardent temperament.

The power of the Demon is apparent. FAUST now appears. At this moment, when MARGHERITA is irresistibly impelled towards this last apparition, and is about to fall a victim to the machinations of the Evil One, the voice of Virtue once more whispers to her heart. The objects that meet her vision strike her with terror, and paralyze her faculties. A last effort is left her—a prayer trembles upon her lips—*that prayer saves her!*

The phantoms disappear. The seven infernal sisters sink together to their dark abode, and MARGHERITA, swooning, falls into the arms of her friend and mother, who at that moment enter to conduct her to the fête.



TABLEAU THIRD.

A Magnificent Saloon in the Enchanted Palace of FAUST.

THE spacious *salle* is filled with guests, who are enjoying themselves with the dance. The feast of *The Rosiera* has attracted numbers of persons of all grades in society, and of both sexes. The dance is interrupted by the entrance of MARGHERITA, accompanied by her mother, VALENTINO, and their adherents. On seeing MARGHERITA, FAUST manifests the utmost delight. He advances, and accosts her in courtly phrase, expressing his pride and gratification in welcoming so fair a guest to his palace, and in being permitted to pay homage to one of such exalted virtue and beauty. He leads her to a seat, and the dance recommences. To this succeeds

THE CORONATION

OF THE

QUEEN OF BEAUTY AND VIRTUE.

The ceremonies are accompanied by gay and fascinating dances; and the curtain falls upon a brilliant scene of festivity and joy.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

TABLEAU FIRST.

The Dwelling of MARGHERITA, with an open Boudoir leading into a beautiful Garden.

FAUST and MEFISTOFELE are alone. The alchemist demands of the Demon the fulfillment of his promise that MARGHERITA should be his.

"Before the night closes," replies MEFISTOFELE, "your wishes shall be gratified; but," continues he, "to fully accomplish all that you desire, be it your task to lull the vigilance of that old duenna, her mother; she is never absent from her daughter's side, it is therefore necessary to close the eyes and silence the tongue of this watchful guardian—slumber will do both. Here is a soporific draught (*handing FAUST a phial*), a few drops of which will prove all sufficient to insure a calm and deep sleep: let your fair one administer it to the old lady, and for the rest I will answer."

FAUST hesitates, and says: "But are you sure there is nothing baneful in the drug?"

To which MEFISTOFELE replies: "Psha! Doctor, shame on such foul suspicions! be more confident!"

FAUST's suspicions are disarmed, and snatching the narcotic from MEFISTOFELE, he says: "'Tis well, give me the phial."

At this moment, footsteps are heard approaching, and MARGHERITA and MARTA appear. FAUST at once advances, and throws himself at the feet of MARGHERITA, imploring her to grant him an interview, and implying that she can have naught to fear, for her friend and companion shall be present.

"How can I comply with your request?" tremblingly replies MARGHERITA; "my mother—"

"Oh!" answers FAUST, "that difficulty can be obviated (*presenting the phial*); a few drops of this elixir will cause your dear mother to fall into a gentle and refreshing slumber, during which—if you repose full confidence in my honor—you can grant me the interview on which depends my life—or death!"

MARTA, who has retired a little during the foregoing conversation, advances, and hurriedly announces the approach of MARGHERITA'S mother, and her betrothed VALENTINO; but FAUST will not leave until MARGHERITA has consented to comply with his wishes. At last she consents; and MEFISTOFELE bears off Faust, at the moment that BERTA and VALENTINO enter.

"What has happened, my child?" inquires BERTA, "why did you leave us?"

"MARTA, divining the difficulty in which her conscientious friend is placed, with cunning adroitness takes the question to herself, and pretends, that she feels suddenly indisposed. MARGHERITA, ashamed at MARTA'S deceit, turns away her head, to avoid any participation in such a flagrant falsehood.

BERTA, with motherly kindness, anxiously inquires into the malady with which MARTA is afflicted, who, prompted by the Genius of Evil, and her promise to aid the designs of MEFISTOFELE, feigns to be suffering acutely. The good, kind, and sympathizing BERTA insists that she shall not think of going home, but pass the night in her house—than which the coquettish MARTA desires nothing better.

VALENTINO, less credulous than the simple BERTA, and rather distrustful of the reality of MARTA'S sickness, has been watching the two maidens; and detects a sign of intelligence between them, which increases his already awakened suspicions, and arouses his jealousy. Communing with himself, he exclaims:

"Can I be deceived?—or do I dream? Something strange is going on here, which I neither like nor understand."

Whilst yet absorbed in his reverie, BERTA approaches him, and slipping the key of the garden into his hand, exclaims: "Come! come! Valentino, you must away; it is time to retire."

"Adieu, good mother—adieu, MARGHERITA;" and, with a sigh, VALENTINO departs.

The gallant young soldier retires a prey to varied emotions. Ought he to go? or ought he to watch the garden gate? No! no! MARGHERITA could never deceive him; she is too pure to be guilty of such an act. Constant himself to his first and only love, his confidence shaken for the moment returns, yet he departs with reluctance and hesitation. The fiend jealousy is whispering in his ear; he is dissatisfied with himself, and her—again he wavers, and almost determines on returning to test the issue.

As soon as VALENTINO has departed, MEFISTOFELE and FAUST re-appear in company; the former displays his customary sardonic smile, and the latter is radiant with joy and hope.

"At last that jealous pate is gone!" exclaims the Demon. Looking towards MARGHERITA'S chamber, they observe that MARTA has retired, and that MARGHERITA is alone with her Mother.

"Are you not going to repose, dear mother?" exclaims the young girl; to which BERTA replies: "No, dear child, I do not feel the least weary—give me that book."

“Yes, mother mine!” replies MARGHERITA; and, rising, she hands the book to BERTA. Whilst uneasy at the promise she had given FAUST, she leans pensively against the table, and fixes her gaze upon her mother. Love and duty are struggling in her heart for the mastery; remorse is fast taking possession of her heart, and returning virtue is on the eve of triumphing. She determines to reveal all to her mother, and makes a movement to cast herself at her feet; when, at the instant, she encounters the magnetic glance of MEFISTOFELE fixed upon her; the lightning of his glance paralyzes her, and arrested in her purpose, she stands motionless.

“MARGHERITA, I thirst, give me to drink!” cries BERTA.

The miserable girl, incapable at the moment of exercising her own will, and spell-bound by the being that alike fascinates and terrifies her, blindly obeys his behests, and half stupefied, with eyes fixed, and slow and heavy steps, she pours out a glass of water, into which she empties the contents of the phial; and moving towards her mother, presents her with the fatal narcotic.

BERTA drains the goblet and returns it to MARGHERITA, who mechanically places it on the table, and sinks into a statuesque stupor.

Immediately BERTA has quaffed the fatal draught—she is seized with a sudden tremor; and after a slight convulsion, becomes motionless.

MEFISTOFELE enters, and approaching BERTA, places his hand upon her heart, exclaiming, with fiendish joy:

“It is done! And now” (*turning to MARGHERITA*) “you also—you also are mine, eternally.”

MARGHERITA remains as it were spell-bound; MEFISTOFELE advances to her; his basilisk glance is on her, and mechanically she permits him to conduct her to FAUST, who is waiting without in the garden.

“Here, happy lover, here is your fair one!” exclaims the Demon, passing her to FAUST, who, wild with transport and delight, perceives not that MARGHERITA is in a magnetic sleep—aye, and dreams, too, of the imprudent interview she has promised to grant. The dream will soon be over, and the unhappy MARGHERITA will awaken to the sad reality.

MARTA, meanwhile, has re-entered, and has been watching BERTA’s apparent slumber. MEFISTOFELE, observing her, attracts the attention of the coquette, and leads her away by one of the garden paths, leaving FAUST and MARGHERITA alone.

Released by his absence from the demoniac spell, the young girl’s senses return, and she awakes to find herself in the arms of FAUST. She seeks to release herself, and fly; but he retains her, and through prayers and tears obtains the long-desired confession that he is beloved. In the midst of their mutual joy and happiness, MEFISTOFELE is seen paying court to MARTA, who, entranced by his captivating attentions, observes not FAUST or MARGHERITA. Suddenly MARTA rushes forward and acquaints MARGHERITA

that VALENTINO is approaching (for a few moments previously he has been watching FAUST). MARGHERITA at once takes flight, VALENTINO advances, and drawing his sword springs forward, as if to attack FAUST. MARGHERITA sees him not, and believing her mother to be still asleep, in an agony of remorse she kneels at her feet, while gushing tears proclaim her sorrow and repentance.

MARTA endeavors in vain to calm the fury of VALENTINO; but being indignantly repulsed by him, she flies from the scene, calling for help.

FAUST remains apparently stupefied by the presence of his injured rival, VALENTINO, who exclaims: "Villain! defend thyself, or I must become an assassin."

On which, MEFISTOFELE, who has been watching them, exclaims: "To it, Doctor—come, out with your sword, and show this good signor what you can do."

The two adversaries approach each other, and the combat commences; in the midst of it, VALENTINO falls mortally wounded by a foul blow, guided by the Demon. "Well struck, Doctor!" exclaims MEFISTOFELE, with a sardonic smile, "and now let us vanish," saying which, they disappear in company.

Summoned by the cries of MARTA, the neighbors rush in with torches. They discover VALENTINO on the ground, and dying. They raise him, and endeavor to stanch his wounds.

Meanwhile MARGHERITA, roused from her stupor of remorse by the noise without, springs from her kneeling posture, and listens attentively to what is passing in the garden.

She turns, and casts a glance at her mother's inanimate form. Surprise and terror are depicted on her countenance as she observes her stillness. She calls upon her name, shakes her, and endeavors in every way to arouse her; but there is no response, not even a sign by which she can tell that she still lives. As the thought of the terrible reality flashes across her brain, she breaks forth with a wild and agonizing cry of "Mother, dear mother!" still the death-like silence prevails—not a sound, not a breath; her heart no longer beats, her hands are icy cold. Is this death? Doubt it she cannot; yet with the phrenzy of despair, she fondly endeavors with warm kisses and fond caresses to reanimate the loved form of her mother. She calls for help, appeals to heaven; but heaven is deaf to her prayers. She looks around for aid, and her eyes rest on the prostrate form of VALENTINO weltering in his gore. With one bound she springs towards and kneels beside him.

At her approach his ebbing strength returns; angrily he repulses her; tells her that he knows all, and predicts for her a future of misery and shame. All shrink from MARGHERITA as from a pestilence, and greet her name with execrations. Her reason totters on its throne.

"Mercy, mercy! pity me, VALENTINO!" cries the unfortunate girl, clinging to him with the agony of despair.

“No; neither mercy nor pity is there for thee!” exclaims VALENTINO. “Away!—may thou be cursed hereafter, as now I curse thee with my latest breath!”

With this last effort VALENTINO dies. For a moment MARGHERITA remains dumb and motionless; then, raising herself erect, her eyes fixed and glazed, she utters one long, convulsive burst of idiotic laughter; next listens, as if to a distant voice; fancies that she hears her mother call her, and hastens back to where she left her cold and inanimate form. She encounters FAUST, who, opening wide his arms, offers her the shelter of his breast; but, repulsing him, she cries:

“Your hands are stained with blood. Oh! leave me!”

At this moment MEFISTOFELE reappears in haste. “There is no time for useless words, Doctor!” he exclaims. “Quick, follow me, or you will be lost. The soldiers are approaching.”

“Save—oh! save MARGHERITA!” replies the despairing lover.

“It is too late,” returns MEFISTOFELE.

“Then I will perish with her.” Saying which, he approaches MARGHERITA; but she indignantly repulses him.

“Nay, my beloved MARGHERITA, thou must with me, for thou art mine.”

“No, no! I belong to heaven!” she solemnly replies. “Away, away! the sight of you is horror to me!”

The guards enter, MARGHERITA advances towards them, and gives herself into their charge. MEFISTOFELE, turning to FAUST, exclaims: “Away! she is lost!” And they disappear together, as the guards conduct MARGHERITA to prison.

T A B L E A U S E C O N D .

A Loathsome Dungeon in the Public Prison.

MARGHERITA is discovered wrapt in deep reflection, wholly absorbed with the saddened retrospection of the past, which seems to her some horrible dream, rather than a dreadful reality. She, MARGHERITA, charged with a crime which, if condemned, will consign her to a scaffold—that crime the murder of her own mother—the mother she so loved? Impossible! and yet dungeon walls surround her, and the evidences of her senses are unmistakable: she feels that she is doomed to an ignominious death. Still, o'er her countenance there beams the refulgent light of tranquil innocence. She is calm—nay, almost happy; for no evil thoughts are prowling round the portals of the mind, flapping their black wings, in order to scare away the dove of peace that nestles there. No; all is now at rest, and tranquillity reigns supreme.

With a firm hand the maiden has torn from her charmed sight the veil of subtle fascination; while, in the retrospection of the past, she views with horror the terrible abyss that lately yawned 'neath her heedless feet; and in the present she sees herself the doomed victim of scorn, opprobrium, and chains. Yet, with unblanching gaze, she casts her eyes upwards, looking forward to that blessed future when, accompanied by her mother's shade, her enfranchised soul will be wafted to another and a better land, where love and peace will be her companions—with this world, its toils, troubles, rewards, or punishments she is done; and awaits impatiently the moment which will release her from earthly thralldom.

At this moment the officials of the High Criminal Tribunal, the stern judges of the maiden's fate, enter, and break in upon her entranced vision; they bear the fatal sentence which dooms her to a malefactor's death. In vain she pleads and protests her innocence of the crime with which she is charged; the law in its wisdom has condemned her to the scaffold.

“Ah!” exclaimed MARGHERITA, “death indeed would be a welcome guest, came he in any other guise than that of the executioner; but to leave the world with a felon's stain upon my name, to be branded as a murderess, is too horrible.”

Heart-rending as are her appeals, the stern dispensers of life and death are inexorable. They tell her the fatal hour approaches, and that she must prepare to die.

MARGHERITA is again alone—alone with the angel of death, whose heavy wings are beating the air above her—alone with the darkness of despair thickening around her—alone, yes, all alone, and deserted, with no friend to bid her “God speed” on the unknown path she is about to travel—and yet not alone, for a sunbeam struggles through the clouds that envelop her, and penetrates her fainting soul; a ministering angel from above is whispering hope and comfort to her. She kneels, she prays; and with that prayer comes peace once more to fold its white wings around the maiden’s heart.

In the midst of this calmness of soul, FAUST appears, conducted by the demon ME-FISTOFELE; he comes to save her, alas! how? Vain are all his protestations of love—vain every temptation which the Demon’s art can spread before her; though again his magnetic influence is exerted, and the struggle for the mastery is fearful. The spell of the fiend, all powerful for evil, has again well nigh enmeshed his victim; but virtue is triumphant; terrible as death is by the headsman’s hands, she prefers it to dishonor. As her decision is made, the sunbeams play above her head, and surround her brow with a halo of innocence and glory.

The fiend is awed, subdued; he dares not gaze on that emblem of purity. Then comes the war of passion; his savage heart is lashed with rage. Maddened at his defeat, and terrified at Divine wrath, he seizes the trembling FAUST, and summoning all his remaining influence and power, he forces him from the dungeon at the moment that the guards, preceded by an officer of the law, enter to conduct the unhappy MARGHERITA to the scaffold.

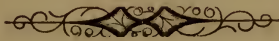


TABLEAU THIRD.

A Romantic Scene in the Hartz Mountains.

THE stage is entirely filled by demoniac spirits, who are holding their wild orgies, and enacting their supernatural rites in this terrible glen, far removed from the haunts of men. Some take the form of magicians and witches, and are busily employed in performing their incantations; others are dancing wildly as the action proceeds, whilst unearthly shapes hover in every direction around. The frenzied weird dance becomes general; they vie with one another in the wildness of their gestures, as fast and furiously they twirl about to a ghostly melody. But this demoniac joy is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of MEFISTOFELE, who is seen cleaving through the air, bearing in his arms FAUST, who is apparently asleep. The Demon gently places him on a rock, and proceeds to invoke the same spirit that first distracted the mind of FAUST in the guise of MARGHERITA. FAUST awakes as the shade appears, and beholding it, he exclaims:

“Is this an illusion, or reality? Art thou MARGHERITA?”

The aerial form beckons to him, then approaches him; but as he advances, flies from him, and at last draws him away from the place by her fascinating arts. He returns almost immediately in wild affright; at which moment a terrific peal of thunder bursts over the assembled group, and another spectacle attracts the bewildered attention of FAUST.

The vapors at the foot of the huge mountain begin to ascend; and as they recede, FAUST behold, his victim MARGHERITA surrounded by guards, in the centre of an open space, whilst crowds of spectators throng the outside. The executioner is standing by her side, leaning upon the fatal axe. She kneels, and raises her hands and eyes to heaven in prayerful agony.

In frenzied despair the wretched FAUST stretches forth his hands, a cold dew spreads over his brow; his loved one, sacrificed by him, is about to die a felon's death. The headsman has already raised his axe, when the demons suddenly resume their fiendlike dance, and the vision fades away.

The dense vapors of the mountains again seem agitated; lambent flames appear at intervals, and FAUST comprehends that his soul's idol has ceased to exist. In abject despair he turns to MEFISTOFELE, and exclaims:

“And is this, Demon, the fulfillment of thy promise? Is this the felicity thou didst hold out to me, and for which I bartered my soul? My beloved one dying an ignominious death! Monster receive the prize of thy infernal deceit.”

Saying which, and forgetting the immortal nature of MEFISTOFELE, FAUST, sword in hand, rushes upon him, and makes a desperate lounge at his breast; but the blade instantly snaps asunder.

“Fool! fool!” cries the Demon. “Dost forget that thou art in my power? Naught can save thee from me. Thou art mine—mine—for ever!”

MEFISTOFELE calls the imps of darkness to aid him. The earth opens. Flames burst from the crevices of the rocks, which open with a fearful noise. The Demon advances, and seizes FAUST, and a flood of fire ingulfs them all. Whilst MARGHERITA, surrounded by an angelic host, is seen borne upwards to receive the blest reward due to her sufferings and repentance.—The curtain slowly descending on a

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